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THE FAN AND HIS WAYS

By Grantland Rice.

There was a fan in our town, and he was wondrous wise;
"Aw, hit 'er out!" he'd yell in rage, at every sacrifice;
And when some player tried to bunt and got choked off at first
This wild-eyed fan arose in wrath, and bitterly he cursed:

"Of all the dubs as slow as tubs
I ever saw play ball—
Of all the jokes—the fat-head blokes—
That guy has got the call!
What made him spring a trick like that
There ain't nobody knows!
Chop out that bunt, your crazy runt,
And slap it on the nose!"

There was a fan in our town, and he was wondrous wise;
The self-same gent that yelled in rage at every sacrifice;
But when the player lined one out, instead of sacrificing,
And cracked into a double play, the outburst was surprising:

"Of all the fat-heads, far and near,
I ever saw play ball—
Of all the mutts—the brainless butts—
That guy has got the call!
When it gets down to bush league work
Why don't you bunt, you crazy runt,
When that's the play to make?"

There was a fan in our town and he had wondrous eyes,
And when the umpire called a strike he'd howl in mad surprise;
And on some play at second base, full fifty yards away
Behind the screen he'd rise in wrath, with sundry things to say:

"WHAT! That man out! Wake up, old scout!
No wonder we lose games!
He had that beat a dozen feet,
You second Jesse James!
Of course the umpire—on the spot—
'Could not outline the play
Like that wise guy with eagle eye,
Two hundred feet away.

There was a fan in our town—the team won out that night—
He swore by all the ancient gods the bunch was out of sight;
Next day they lost—but what he said was private information,
Or what is technically called, "unfit for publication."

"D—! —! —! —!
And other phrases which, alas!
I know, beyond a doubt,
Would bring a moral shock if I
Should fill the spaces out!

OBITUARY

Sunday at 1 o'clock, April 24th, the spirit of Mrs. J. S. Sistrunk took its flight to the bright realms above. She leaves a husband and eight children to mourn her loss.

Sister Sistrunk's maiden name was Texana P. Pinkston, born in Jacksonville February 2, 1842. Her parents moved to Ocala when she was quite young, where she was reared and educated. Married James S. Sistrunk November 19, 1861, at Ocala, Rev. M. T. Harrison performing the ceremony.

They moved to Stafford's Pond, where they lived and raised nine children. She joined the Baptist church soon after she was married and lived a consistent Christian life. She taught the intermediate class in Sunday school for twelve years. At the time of her death she was a member of the Montbrook Baptist church.

She was a patient sufferer for about a year and a half, but always cheerful, possessing a meek, patient Christian spirit. She was a woman of deep convictions on the subject of religion, constant and prayerful and devoted to her bible. Always a friend of her pastor. I had the pleasure of being her pastor for about eight years, and I shall never forget the kindness shown me by her when in her home.

She was a faithful and affectionate wife, a loving mother and devoted Christian. She has left behind her an example of sincerity, courage and nobleness, which is more easy to praise than to imitate. We can only say hall and farewell dear sister. We hope to meet thee upon that other shore, where there shall be no other parting and we shall dwell with the Master forever. Be it ours to imitate her virtues and to strive to cultivate those graces which adorned and dignified her character.

"There is nothing terrible in death;
'Tis but to cast our robes away,
And sleep at night without a breath
To break repose till dawn of day."

Resolved: First, that we as a church, as neighbors, as friends who mourn, feel a great loss that produces sadness in our hearts. Yet we sorrow not as those who have no hope, for we know our loss is her gain.

Second, that we cherish and keep bright the memory of her Christian zeal, her purity of life and character and her activity and zeal in all good work.

Third, that the aged husband and devoted family have our deepest sympathy in their loss and sorrow, and we commend them unto Jesus, who can heal their broken hearts in their sad hour of bereavement.

Fourth, that a copy of these resolutions be recorded on the church books and published in the Ocala Star, the Baptist Witness, the Times-Democrat and the Christian Herald, and a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

A. L. Prisco,
Sister N. A. Blitch,
Sister Dollar.

Done by order of the Montbrook Baptist church, Saturday, May 2.

BOY OF SIX TRAVELS ALONE FROM MARYLAND TO TAMPA

"Young America" in the form of Gilbert Phillips, six years old, after a long and wearisome trip alone from Cumberland, Md., arrived in the city yesterday afternoon over the Atlantic Coast Line, and unable to remember the name of his mother was taken care of for a short time by Assistant Yardmaster J. H. Mann. When the boy stepped from the train and was taken in charge by Mr. Mann he was crying as if his heart would break. He was taken to a hotel for dinner and

all the while Mr. Mann tried to elicit information from him which would lead to his identity.

It was found that he was the son of Blanche Phillips, and when the boy was taken to her she was overcome with joy at having him back again. It is alleged that a friend of Mrs. Phillips left Tampa with Gilbert in her charge, promising the mother to deliver him safely to his father, alleged to live at St. Augustine. The friend, upon leaving St. Augustine, took the boy with her to Cumberland, and the first the mother heard of her boy was last night when he was given into her charge by Mr. Mann.—Tampa Tribune.

FLORIDA NEXT ON THE LIST

A Maine man died the other day from hiccoughs. There is not a great deal of that complaint in Georgia these days, according to the information.—Savannah News.

MAN'S MOOD FOR SONG

All Common Life Illuminated and Vivified by Human Singers

(H. Belloc, in the London Post.)

Sailors sing. They have a song for work and songs for every part of their work, and they have songs of reminiscence and of tragedy, and many farcical songs; some brutal songs, songs of repose, and songs in which is packed the desire for a distant home. Soldiers also sing, at least in those armies where soldiers are still soldiers. And the line, which is the core and body of any army, is the most singing of them all.

Those men who marched behind Caesar in his triumph sang a song and the words of it still remain (so I am told); the armies of Louis XIV. and of Napoleon, of the republic, and even of Algiers, made songs of their own which have passed into the great treasury of European letters.

They sang in that march which led men to the assault at Hastings, for it was written by those who saw the column of knights advancing to the foot of the hill that Taillefer was chosen for his great voice, and rode before the host, tossing his sword into the air and catching it again by the hilt, a difficult thing to do, and singing of Charlemagne and of the vassals who had died under Roncesvalles.

Song also illuminates and strengthens and vivifies all common life, and on this account what is left of our peasantry have harvest songs, and there are songs for moving and songs for the midwinter rest, and there is even a song in the South of England for the gathering of honey.

Indeed, all men sing at their labor, or would so sing did not dead convention forbid them. You will say there are exceptions, as lawyers, usurers, and others; but there are no exceptions to this rule where all the man is working and is working well, and is producing and is not ashamed.

Rowers sing, and their song is called a barcarole; and even men holding the tiller who have nothing to do but hold it tend to sing a song. And I will swear to this, that I have heard stokers when they were hard pressed, starting a sort of crooning chorus together which shows that there is hope for us all.

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